

## Satiation

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## Satiation

by [ddelusionall](#)

### Summary

Jungkook escapes from prison and lands on a farm, right between two men, who only want to take care of him.

Satiation, noun: The condition of being full to or beyond satisfaction.

### Notes

I do not consider this fic to be rape. Dubious consent, yes. Please read the tags.

A/N1: This fic is for my wife. Well, we aren't married yet. So my fiance. Though I still need to ask her. So my girlfriend, but ... maybe we need to have the DTR talk. So my friend. You know what? It doesn't matter. She's mine either way. This fic is for my mine. Even though she wouldn't let me name it Finger Lickin' Good.

A/N2: Yes, I am still on hiatus, but this fic let me write it, so it is written.

The first thing Jungkook does with his new-found freedom is shove his fingers down his throat and throw up the mixture of come, slop, and whatever concoction his captors forced into him to make him more pliant and eager. His throat burns, his eyes water, and he probably will regret it when his stomach cramps in hunger. But he needs a clear head. He can't stumble in a couple of hours as his muscles give and his body only decides to want one thing.

The second thing he does is splash into the first river he finds to wash the mixture of dirt, grime, come, spit, old and new vomit, shit, and piss off his body. He uses his shirt to scrub his skin raw and then does his best to clean both the threadbare shirt and tattered pants. The water runs brown around his body.

The third thing he does is fall asleep, and he didn't mean to do that. He put his clothes over a fallen tree to get them to dry and just meant to rest before running again. Sun shines on his face when he wakes, and it feels so good to be warm, to be outside, to be free of the dank, dark, stone walls that held him for who knows how many years.

There is enough of those herbs left in his system that he wakes up hard and weak. He can't do much but put his hand on his dick and stroke himself off. He has just enough energy to turn to the side and splatter his release all over the dirt.

It takes too many hours for his limbs to cooperate again, for his small whimpers to fade, for his cock to soften after his second or third orgasm.

His stomach growls. He has to eat something, and he has to leave. He's been on this riverbank too long. No matter how picturesque it seems with its green trees and babbling noises, he's too close to his prison. Someone is going to find him.

With shaking limbs, he pulls on his dry clothes. There's a hefty beetle crawling on his pants and he pops it in his mouth, washing it down with a gulp of water from the river. The sun is sinking beyond the canopy of trees, cooling everything down and casting shadows over the terrain.

Jungkook shivers. He'll have to walk at night so he doesn't freeze too badly during the cold hours of darkness. He needs to find a town. He needs food. More than just the occasional bug or fruit that he finds. He'll have to steal something, even if he doesn't want to.

The first town he comes to is small, too small, and there's a night watchman set up along the main road. Jungkook keeps his head down and continues, feeling his heavy gaze on him. There's no way to slip between the narrow spaces of the buildings to steal something, not with the man watching so close. He continues.

He walks until dawn and then finds a clearing in the woods and collapses. His legs spasm, protesting the exertion and his body is so hot, and then cold. And ... well, he's still horny. He has to chase his release again, and then again. There's something wrong with him. He's too weak to do anything else, and he really hopes that he can move on the next day.

It's hard to wake up. It's hard to stand up. But Jungkook does, and he walks, more stumbling, into and through the next town and the next.

By day three, he's hungry and delirious, his skin and body are hot with a fever, and he hasn't seen anyone or anything since day two. The road is deserted, almost overgrown in places. The heat of the day clings into the night. Or maybe he's just so sick.

Maybe it's better if he sits on the road and doesn't get up. Maybe someone will help him.

Or he'll be found by his captors and returned to his cell.

The thought spurs him on. His vision is blurry, but there's a light up ahead in the dark. As he nears, he realizes it's a farmhouse. moonlight gleams off fields of crops. The light comes from a house set back from the road. Beyond the house are a couple of buildings, probably a barn. Maybe a pantry.

Food. Maybe there's food. He staggers into the first building. It's a barn.

Dogs bark, their noises loud enough to upset the animals inside, and horses whinny and stomp their hooves on the wooden floor.

"Shh, shh, shh," Jungkook murmurs even though he can't even see the dogs. He can't see much of anything, but someone is going to investigate soon.

There's a shout from outside, and Jungkook scrambles up the nearest ladder. Scrambles. Well, lurches. He's going too slow, he'll be found for sure. He drags his body up and onto worn wooden planks of a hay loft. Loose hay lies in a pile next to a few bales stacked two high. Jungkook's body gives up and he crawls into the loose hay, slumps into it with a moan just as a door below opens and a deep voice shushes the dogs. And then everything is black.

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Disoriented.

Jungkook is used to feeling disoriented, but usually it's when he's been trussed up in chains with his hair dangling to the floor and his body cold and covered in ... things. And pain.

He's warm now, laying on something soft. Not his cell. Not stone.

Even softer is the brush of fabric on his cheek. His arms move, pull at the dusty blue blanket. A blanket. He hasn't had a blanket in so long.

But ... he did not have a blanket. Before. In the hayloft. The dogs. The ...

Jungkook sits up with a shout, blinking his eyes open. His vision swims and he groans, body protesting the quick movement. Everything hurts. He is in the hayloft, sitting in a pile of hay, around him are the bales he remembers seeing before. But they've been moved. Like they're blocking him away.

It's daytime. Light seeps through the wooden slats of the barn, dust motes sparkling in the rays.

He wraps the blanket around himself and tries not to panic. His stomach grumbles in the quiet of the barn.

Muffled voices filter into the barn, and Jungkook tries to scoot back, hiding into the farthest corner as the door opens. A loud voice says, "Look, I understand you have to check, but there isn't anyone here. You think my dogs would be as calm as they are right now if someone was hiding in here."

It's unfamiliar. But the one that answers him is not. Lee Seunghyun.

“He was seen passing through the last town, so we have to check.”

Jungkook bites down hard on his lip and hopes he didn't whimper in fear. There are boots thudding on the floorboards below and then on the ladder. He doesn't dare move, wishes he'd thrown the blanket over his head to hide, but he knows that Seunghyun-shi will hear if he even breathes. He squeezes his eyes shut tightly and waits.

The other man speaks. “There's another smaller building down near the creek that holds some of our winter supply of food. If you're looking for someone on the run, I'd check there. He's probably hungry. I haven't been there in a few days, but we can go look.”

Jungkook's eyes widen. This man ... he doesn't know who Jungkook is or what ... but he gave Jungkook a blanket, hid him, protected him.

The door of the barn shuts behind them, and Jungkook curls into a tight ball and gasps in relief and disbelief. His body shakes, both from hunger and cramps. Seunghyun-shi's voice echoes in his head. All the abuse. All the slurs. All the degradation.

Jungkook doesn't have enough to cry, his body too far spent, but he still shakes. He shakes and shakes until his body can't move anymore.

He has no idea how much time has passed before the man returns. Alone. The door opens. Boots on the floor. Creaking ladder.

Jungkook can't stop his whine this time as he tries to curl up into a smaller ball and hide.

“You don't have to be afraid of me,” the man says, his voice soft and deep. “That man left more than an hour ago and he won't be back. I won't let him hurt you. Not anymore.”

Jungkook doesn't know what to say so he stays silent. He stops shaking.

“You can stay out here in the barn if you want, or you can come inside. It's almost dinnertime, and Seokjin-hyung is really worried about you.”

Carefully, Jungkook pulls the blanket away from his head. Their eyes meet and the man smiles, a wide grin for his wide face, complete with dimples. He has long brown hair, pulled up haphazardly on top of his head. He looks broad and strong. He's so handsome, Jungkook blushes and looks away.

“Your name is Jeon Jungkook?” he asks.

Jungkook swallows and nods. “Y-yes.” He breaks off and coughs. He is so thirsty.

“My name is Kim Namjoon. I have a small farm that you've stumbled upon that I run with my ... friend ... Kim Seokjin.”

Jungkook notes the pause before that word “friend” and dares to look up.

Namjoon-shi smiles at him. “You're more than welcome to stay up here, but I'm sure you're hungry. Would you like to come and eat some food? You don't have to stay. But ...”

“Yes,” Jungkook says, again coughing. “I ... I want food.”

“And water?” he asks with a soft smile.

“Please.”

Namjoon-shi nods and jerks his head backwards. "Come on, Jungkook-ie."

Jungkook bites his lip, stomach fluttering with nerves. But not the same kind of nerves as he's used to. He's used to fear clouding his brain. Not ... hope, maybe it's hope. The blanket tangles around his arms as he crawls across the floor, making him stumble. Namjoon-shi smiles at him in patience and kindness.

"I'll help you down if you need it."

Jungkook needs it. His body is really sore. His legs are weak. He trembles at the drop to the floor. He climbed all the way up there?

"Easy," Namjoon-shi whispers and touches his leg. Jungkook flinches with a cry. Namjoon-shi hums in apology. "I have to touch you to help you. Turn around, let me lead you."

Jungkook doesn't want to trust him, not yet, but he is too weak to do it on his own. He turns, shaking at the soft touch on his legs. They're pulled to the side and Jungkook lets himself be shimmied over to the ladder until he can bend and place his feet on a rung.

"There you go, sweetheart. Slowly. Just go down slow."

The pet name sounds practiced and automatic, like how Namjoon-shi coos and talks to his farm animals, and Jungkook flushes. He likes that. Likes the soft tones and gentle touch. No one has been gentle with him in a long time.

"I'm going to keep my hands right here while we go down," Namjoon-shi says, hands resting lightly on Jungkook's waist.

Jungkook's hands shake on the ladder rungs. His knees knock into the wooden rails. He feels sweat bead on his forehead. The words Namjoon-shi whispers do not register in his ears, just the tone, the careful touches, the security. Like a blanket. Like the blanket he woke up under. The blanket Namjoon-shi gave him.

He isn't expecting to be down the ladder and his bare heel catches on the flat floor, his other foot twisting on the rung. He totters back, hands slipping off the ladder. He waits for the swooning feeling of falling, for the harsh thud to the ground. But he never hits.

Namjoon-shi is there, behind him, holding him up, arms around his waist with a gentle, "Careful, sweetheart. I've got you."

And Jungkook would cry if he could. He shakes in Namjoon-shi's arms.

"Are you okay to walk?"

Jungkook doesn't know. He makes a panicked noise in the back of his throat.

"How about I carry you?" The arms around his waist tense and he follows the lead, turning to press his face against Namjoon-shi's strong chest. His hands flail against rough fabric. Namjoon-shi is so warm.

"Is that okay, sweetheart?"

Jungkook nods, cheek pressed tight to Namjoon-shi's shoulder.

"Hang on, then," he says. Again Jungkook follows his physical directions. Hooking his arms

around Namjoon-shi's neck and trying not to cry out when he's hefted onto his strong back. He hooks Jungkook's knees at his elbows.

Jungkook clings to his warmth, pressing his face to the skin of the back of Namjoon-shi's neck. His eyes shut again the pain from his body. But unfortunately, there's more than one reaction to the closeness and heat of another body, especially with Jungkook pressed against Namjoon-shi's back, inner thighs rubbing against his waist with every step. It's so embarrassing to be hard so fast. There must still be something in his system.

The farmhouse is much smaller than the barn. Jungkook doesn't do more than glance at it as they approach. The door is already open, and they enter.

The first thing Jungkook notices is the smell of spices and food.

The second is the beautiful man sitting at a table who says, "Joon-ie, did you talk--oh, hello there."

Jungkook hides his face and blushes.

"This is Jeon Jungkook," Namjoon-shi says. "Jungkook-ie, this is Kim Seokjin, my partner."

More truthful than "friend," Jungkook thinks. "Nice to meet you," he whispers. "Please take care of me."

"Oh, sweetpea, we will. Are you hungry? I finished dinner." He waves his arm at the table.

Jungkook sees a few bowls of food. It's so much food.

"I'm going to put you in a chair," Namjoon-shi says, tilting his head back for a soft touch to his cheek. "Think you'll be okay."

Jungkook hums as Namjoon-shi moves closer to Seokjin-shi. He sets him down and Jungkook thinks he's okay until Namjoon-shi moves and Jungkook's weight hits his feet and pain twists up his body and it hurts and he topples, right into Seokjin-shi.

Seokjin-shi makes the same soft cooing noises as Namjoon-shi as he helps Jungkook settle to the floor. Jungkook's chest hitches as he folds down to sit. He clings to Seokjin-shi's leg, hiding his face behind his knee.

Fingers card through his hair. It's really gross, sweaty, oily, tangled up, but Seokjin-shi doesn't seem to mind.

There's a soft chuckle from above and then fingers on his cheek.

"Open up, sweetpea," Seokjin-shi says and the smell of meat clouds his nose.

Jungkook glances up at him, eyes narrowing in on the small piece of meat in Seokjin-shi's fingers.

"You need to eat, not too much, you don't want to be sick, but we need to get food into you. Open your mouth."

It's not a harsh command, but still a command, and Jungkook obeys. Seokjin-shi places the strip of meat onto his tongue and he moans at the flavors that taste better than it smells.

"Good boy. Chew slow before you swallow." Seokjin-shi traces his finger over Jungkook's lips.

Jungkook obeys. He's learned to obey. A soft piece of potato follows, and then maybe a carrot,

another slice of meat. The cool edge of a cup presses to his lips, and Seokjin-shi says, "Drink."

Jungkook drinks.

"That's enough for now, sweetpea," Seokjin-shi says.

Jungkook wants more and he whimpers, glancing up at Seokjin-shi, who only smiles at him softly and thumbs at his lips. Jungkook opens his mouth and licks at his thumb.

"You are so cute," Seokjin-shi says. "Are you okay to rest there while I finish eating, and then maybe we can give you a bath?"

Jungkook doesn't care. He just ... he wants ... wants. He gasps and lets his mouth open. Fingers touch his mouth, his teeth, his tongue and he closes his mouth and sucks. The need fades a little. His dick is still so hard, but he's used to not being given a release. It doesn't hurt yet.

But as he suckles on Seokjin-shi's fingers, as he eats and drinks when Seokjin tells him to, putting his fingers back into Jungkook's mouth, the need grows worse. His skin is hot, fire licks at his belly, his dick is throbbing and pulsing precome all over his pants and thighs. He doesn't know he's whining until Seokjin-shi cups his cheeks and lifts his head, a frown on his face.

"What's wrong, sweetpea?"

Jungkook gasps. "Don't ... don't want ..." He cannot explain. He doesn't know how to explain.

"Is this making you horny?" Namjoon-shi asks as he kneels on the floor. He cups the back of Jungkook's neck and squeezes.

Jungkook's head falls back with a gasp and Seokjin-shi traces his open mouth with his fingers.

"Don't ... don't ..." He shuts his mouth around Seokjin's fingers and whines.

Namjoon-shi runs his hands down Jungkook's sides, making him shake harder. He doesn't want ... he doesn't. He doesn't want this!

"Shh, sweetheart," Namjoon-shi says as he pushes the tattered pants off his hips. "Let us take care of you."

Jungkook shakes his head hard enough that he gets dizzy, or maybe it's from the hands on his bare hips or from the pleasure coursing through him.

"Oh wow," Seokjin-shi almost breathes.

Namjoon-shi chuckles. "Lift up your arms, sweetheart." He commands.

Jungkook doesn't want to. He doesn't want them to touch him. He doesn't ...

But he obeys and Seokjin-shi lifts his shirt up and over his head.

"Gorgeous, sweetpea. You are so gorgeous." Hands ... Seokjin-shi's hands slide up his chest and over his shoulders.

"Keep your fingers in his mouth. He likes that."

Seokjin-shi practically shoves them into Jungkook's throat and he whines, closing his mouth around them and sucking frantically. Namjoon-shi's hand stays on his neck, the other one grips his

erection, and Jungkook moans, hips jerking into the touch.

“I’ve got you, sweetheart. Hold still. Remember to breathe.”

It’s so hard to breathe. Jungkook focuses on the fingers in his mouth instead. That’s easier. It’s easier to suck on them, easier to concentrate. And not on the unwanted pleasure twisting through his body. It hurts so much.

Namjoon-shi’s strokes on his dick are fast and tight.

Jungkook’s vision goes spotty, gray, and he clings tighter to Seokjin-shi’s leg and accidentally bites down on his fingers when he comes. The rough cloth of his shirt wraps around his dick when he comes, and he gasps at the sudden sensitivity.

“There you go, there you go. Oh, sweetheart, you’re all right. We’ve got you.”

Jungkook gasps against Seokjin-shi’s thigh. He feels sick. Dizzy and weak. He hears Namjoon-shi telling him to breathe, giving him a pattern to follow. It takes a really long time for him to follow. His head feels so empty. His body aches so much.

Jungkook knows he’d be crying if he could.

“Do you want a bath, sweetpea?” Seokjin-shi asks.

Jungkook moans and tries to say yes, but his mouth is dry and he can’t swallow yet past the shimmering on his body. He nods.

“Okay. Namjoon-shi is going to pick you up and take you out on the porch. I’m going to follow with a bucket of water and we’re going to soap you up and then rinse you clean, okay?”

Jungkook nods again. When they both stand at once, Jungkook whines and clings to Seokjin-shi’s leg. He runs his hand through his matted hair and murmurs reassurances. Namjoon-shi stoops and loops Jungkook’s arms around his shoulders before hefting him into his arms. It hurts, but being able to press his face into Namjoon-shi’s warm neck makes it worth it.

The evening air is cool, and Jungkook shivers, trying to curl closer into Namjoon-shi’s body heat.

“Careful now,” he whispers and sets him down on his feet. “Don’t fall over. I need you to stand up.”

The worn boards of the porch are smooth against Jungkook’s dirty feet. He knows he can’t stand on his own. His knees are already buckling. Namjoon-shi does not step away from him. Seokjin-shi comes close and puts a heavy pot down with a grunt.

“Top to bottom?”

Namjoon-shi agrees. “He’s going to wash your hair first. You need to stand up, sweetheart.”

Jungkook whines and shakes his head. “I...I ca-can’t.”

“I think you can, you just don’t want to let go of me.”

Jungkook pouts against his shoulder and then huffs. He really does try to stand on his own, but almost as soon as Namjoon-shi steps away from him, he’s wavering and slipping as his left knee crumples.



“Sorry. I’m sorry!” he says, and then shouts again and again against Namjoon-shi’s chest. Namjoon-shi curls his arms around Jungkook’s bare back and hums at him until he quiets.

“Bottom to top then,” Seokjin says.

The first touch of warmth on his feet makes Jungkook flinch. He glances down at Seokjin-shi, on his knees, wiping up his legs with a warm, wet towel. Suds are left behind.

Soap. Actual soap. And it smells like flowers.

Jungkook scrunches his nose up with a happy smile and leans against Namjoon-shi more so he can lift his leg and make it easier for Seokjin-shi to wash.

“Good boy,” Namjoon-shi breathes into his hair.

Seokjin-shi washes up his legs, drawing laughter from him at the tickling sensation behind his knees and just under his asscheeks. He scrubs up his cleft and uses his fingers to get him really clean. Jungkook pants against Namjoon-shi’s shoulder, but doesn’t get hard, thank god. Not until Seokjin-shi washes the front of him, and then he is only a little hard. They let him sit on a rough towel so Seokjin-shi can wash the top of him, and he keeps leaning against Namjoon-shi until it’s time to wash his hair.

Seokjin-shi wets his hair with a cup, commands Jungkook to shut his eyes and for Namjoon to get another bucket of clean water that he left on the fire. Jungkook sighs at the first touch of Seokjin-shi’s fingers in his hair. It feels really good to have his head scratched and feel the clinging suds of soap trailing down his neck.

And now his dick is hard and he hates it. He just wanted to enjoy this. But once he’s hard, he can’t stop it, and by the time Seokjin-shi is using the clean water to rinse him off, he is panting and squirming.

“Well, what is this?” he asks, pouring the warm water right over his dick.

Jungkook moans, head tilting back. “S-sorry. Can’t ... can’t control ... messed me up. I don’t know.”

Seokjin-shi chuckles. “We’ll talk about it when you are coherent. Do you want to take care of it?”

He shakes his head. “You ... you do it. Please.”

“I thought you didn’t want us to touch you earlier,” Namjoon-shi says.

“Don’t ... but ... but ... over faster with you. Feels better.”

“We can definitely help you,” Seokjin-shi says. “Lean against Namjoon-ah.”

Easy to obey, since he practically is anyway. Namjoon-shi’s arm snakes around Jungkook’s waist, hitching him closer.

“M all wet,” Jungkook protests.

“It’s okay,” Namjoon-shi says against his hair. Lips touch his neck, shooting fire along his skin. “Watch Jin-hyung.”

Jungkook opens his eyes with a pout. It’s too hard to concentrate.

Seokjin-shi has the soap in his hands, lathering them up until suds drip to Jungkook's thigh. The need thrumming in his body lessens. But it's the wrong feeling. It's more like it just waits. Like the calm moment of a river before the chaotic plunge over a waterfall.

Jungkook holds his breath.

When Seokjin-shi touches his dick, Jungkook tumbles over the edge. His eyes shut, his hips buck up into the touch.

Namjoon-shi tells him to hold still, his long fingers curl around Jungkook's throat. His other hand grips his hip and both tighten, holding him in place.

Jungkook whines at the spike of pleasure that comes from being controlled, obeying. That, he knows, isn't from the drugs in his system. That is just ... just him.

"You okay, sweetpea?" Seokjin-shi asks, leaning forward to kiss his cheek. His hand is in a loose grip on his dick, slow strokes up and down.

Jungkook nods. "Yes, please. Please. Please hurry."

Seokjin-shi smiles and gives him a kiss to his lips. "I'm so sorry you don't really like this. Maybe one day--"

Jungkook whines. *One day?* What does that mean? Does that mean they'll let him stay?

He can't think about it anymore as Seokjin-shi speeds up the strokes on his dick. The soap makes it so slick and it really does feel so good. Seokjin-shi holds him down with a hand on his thigh and his body weight, and Jungkook really, really likes being between them, controlled, immobile, even if he doesn't really like the way his stomach coils with heat, the way his dick throbs, the way everything hurts before it snaps. His cry when he comes turns into a whimper at how sensitive everything is. Come splatters all over his stomach, his thighs, both of their arms. There's still so much of it.

"Wow, sweetheart," Namjoon-shi coos in his ear. "You're so gorgeous. So precious. Did that feel good?"

Jungkook shakes his head. "Don't ... like it. It hurts."

"It's better now," Seokjin-shi says and pats his cheek. With his dirty hand. "Oh, sorry, sweetpea." He uses the wet towel to wipe at his face and then the rest of his body. Jungkook doesn't notice when he finishes cleaning his skin. He leans against Namjoon-shi's strong chest and falls asleep.

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Jungkook wakes up surrounded by softness and warmth. It's ten times better than waking in the hay loft and that was a hundred times better than the prison he lived in. It takes a few minutes for Jungkook to figure out why he isn't panicking anymore.

Namjoon-shi. Seokjin-shi.

There is a soft voice singing from somewhere in the house.

Jungkook takes stock of his body. He's still sore, but he can move all of his limbs, and when he sits up, his head doesn't feel like it's going to explode. He is in a bed, up near the rafters of the house. There's a heavy trunk at the foot of the bed and an armoire off to the side. Only the barest amount

of orange sunlight streams through a small window near the v of the roof.

Jungkook vaguely remembers clinging to Seokjin-shi's back as he and Namjoon-shi brought him up to their bed. He doesn't remember if they all slept together. He isn't sure what day it is.

He is still naked, and he pulls the blankets around himself with a whine of embarrassment. The blankets are thick with feathers and the pillows soft under his body. Everything feels so good against his skin.

The singing stops for a moment and then Seokjin-shi's head appears above the floor of the loft. He smiles softly.

"Ah, Jungkook-ie. Finally awake. How are you feeling?"

Jungkook bites his lower lip and then smiles. "I feel good, hyu-hyu-Seokjin-shi."

"You can call me hyung, you can call us both hyung."

Jungkook blushes. "Okay, h-hyung."

"Good boy. Stay right there. Hyung will be up with some breakfast."

"I can get--"

Seokjin-shi silences him with a look. "Stay there."

"Yes, hyung," he says quickly, looking down. He bites his lip and holds his breath.

Jungkook doesn't let out his breath until Seokjin-shi is rummaging around on the lower level again. He curls up with the blanket, calming the tightening of his chest that came from that one look of disappointment. His breath is shallow while he waits. Eventually, a tray is placed on the floor of the loft and then Seokjin-shi climbs up the ladder.

"Sit up against the headboard," Seokjin-shi says.

Jungkook obeys quickly, to not disappoint him again, fumbling with the blankets to keep them around his bare body. He can't cover all of himself, so he shivers as he lets his upper body stay exposed and keeps the blanket over his lap.

"I want you to eat as much as you can," Seokjin-shi says, "but don't eat it all because you think it will make me happy. I want you to be well. That will make me happy. Understand?"

Jungkook nods eagerly. "Yes, hyung."

Seokjin-shi smiles. He sits down on the bed close to Jungkook and settles the tray over his lap. Jungkook is nervous. His hands shake. He grips the blankets tightly, trying to gain the courage to let them go, so he can eat.

But then Seokjin picks up the spoon, dips it into the porridge that still has steam rising from it. He blows on it before offering it to Jungkook. And Jungkook opens his mouth. Flavors burst on his tongue. Cinnamon, spices, fruit ... apple, maybe? There is a sweetness to it that he can't place, a smoothness almost of cream.

Jungkook moans in utter appreciation. He swallows quickly and opens his mouth for another bite with an eager whine.

Seokjin-shi chuckles. “You like that, sweetpea?”

Jungkook nods and accepts another bite. “‘T’s so good, h-hyung.”

“I’m glad you like it. How are you feeling? You slept for an entire day.”

Jungkook’s eyes widen. “A whole day?”

Seokjin-shi laughs. “Yes. You slept all through the night last night and now it’s almost time for bed again.”

Jungkook pouts. “I’m sorry.”

“Don’t be sorry,” he says with a fond smile. He feeds Jungkook another bite. “You had a fever, and your muscles were spasming. I even gave your legs a long massage and you didn’t wake up.”

Jungkook blushes at the thought of those hands on him. He bites his lip, not knowing what to say.

“I-I...I--” He glances up at Seokjin-shi’s soft noise of encouragement. He eats another scoop of porridge before saying, “I’m sorry. I don’t know what to say. Thank you so much for your help.”

Seokjin-shi’s smile widens. “It’s our pleasure, baby. You can stay if you want. Namjoon-ah and I would very much like you to stay with us, here on our farm. You have some muscles on you, and we could use the help with chores.”

Jungkook looks away. His chest is really tight, it’s hard to breathe, but he isn’t so turned on that he can’t do anything else but come. His breathing isn’t limited, no one is choking him. He doesn’t really understand this feeling, and he holds a fist to his chest in his confusion.

Seokjin-shi coos at him, placing the tray on the ground. He cups Jungkook’s cheeks and wipes the tears from his eyes.

“Sweetpea, are you upset?”

Jungkook shakes his head. “I ... I don’t know. Just ... my chest hurts because you’ve been so nice to me.”

“You’re feeling emotions. It’s okay.”

“I ... I am really ... I don’t know.”

Seokjin-shi pulls Jungkook against his chest and lets him cry. His hands are so soft and gentle in Jungkook’s hair, his fingers trace the tingles up and down his bare back. It feels so nice to be held, to not be afraid.

“Do you want to stay with us, sweetpea?”

Jungkook can’t speak, so he nods against Seokjin-shi’s chest.

“Good. You can stay for as long as you’d like. Now.” He pushes Jungkook away. “You need to finish your porridge.”

Jungkook bites his lips and nods. “It’s really good, hyung.”

“Thank you.”

Seokjin picks up the tray. Jungkook feels like he can hold the spoon himself now that he's a little calmer, but when he reaches for it, Seokjin-shi tsks at him in irritation and takes the spoon himself, continuing to feed Jungkook. Jungkook knows he can do it himself, but a well of happy bursts in his chest, because he likes it so much, likes being taken care of, likes the attention. He purposely spills a little bit over his lips.

"Aigoo, so messy," Seokjin says, swipes the clump of oats onto his finger and then shoves that finger into Jungkook's mouth.

Jungkook moans and sucks.

Seokjin's thumb rubs along his jaw while Jungkook "cleans" his finger. "Namjoon-ie went out to feed and corral the horses for the night. When he gets back, we'll talk, okay?"

Jungkook nods.

"Let go of my finger so you can eat more."

Jungkook pouts, but does as he is told. He ends up eating almost the entire bowl before his stomach grumbles at him to stop.

"I don't want to stop eating. It tastes so good."

Seokjin-shi smiles at him. "There will be more for breakfast."

"I can have more?"

"Of course, sweetpea."

Jungkook stares at him for a moment, his chest tightening with emotions he does not understand. And then he bursts into tears. Again. He doesn't understand why he's crying again.

"Oh baby, what's wrong?" Seokjin-shi asks. He settles the tray on the floor and climbs into the bed, letting Jungkook curl up against him. His hand is warm on his side, sliding up and down his body while Seokjin-shi coos at him. Jungkook doesn't know why he's crying, doesn't know why he can't stop crying.

His breathing speeds up as he starts to panic.

"Shh, sweetpea, shh," Seokjin-shi whispers and then there are fingers at his mouth, and Jungkook latches onto them, sucking harshly while holding his breath. Seokjin-shi lets him for a little while and then pulls them away. But Jungkook whines, mouth open, tongue out. Seokjin-shi laughs.

"Okay, baby, okay. Here you go." He traces Jungkook's lips with his finger before allowing Jungkook to suck on three of his fingers again. He wraps his tongue around them and then between them. He surges forward to get them deeper, uncaring when he gags a little.

"Slow down, sweetpea. Slow down. You don't have to try so hard. I won't move my fingers."

Jungkook relaxes in relief. He blinks, the last few tears fall from his eyes and he curls up around Seokjin-shi, head on his thigh, arms around his leg. He doesn't suck on the fingers anymore, just holds them in his mouth.

"Good boy," Seokjin-shi whispers and pumps his fingers slowly in and out of Jungkook's mouth.

Jungkook loses track of time, concentrating on the feel of the fingers in his mouth.

“You’re still hard.”

Jungkook nods. It’s annoying because he doesn’t want to be hard.

Seokjin-shi sighs and moves the blankets to bare his lower half.

Jungkook bites down on his fingers and whines in protest.

“No, sweetpea. No. I know you don’t want to, but it can be dangerous if you don’t come. You haven’t softened up at all since I’ve been up here, which means you were hard in your sleep. I have no idea how long you’ve been hard, but I’m not willing to risk you getting injured when I can take care of it.”

Jungkook scrunches up his nose and narrows his eyes. He sucks harder in retaliation, and Seokjin-shi narrows his eyes. He removes his hand and taps Jungkook’s cheek in a soft smack. “No. Be good.”

Jungkook whines and tries to curl up on himself.

Seokjin-shi grabs his knees and spreads his legs. “The sooner you let me, the sooner it will be over, okay?”

Jungkook doesn’t want to, but he doesn’t like Seokjin-shi’s voice right now. He sounds so upset with him, and Jungkook is so upset and he covers his face with his hands but doesn’t try to close his legs. He tenses up in anticipation of the first touch and his cry is muffled when it finally comes. His dick hurts now, hurts with Seokjin-shi’s hand around it, pumping it firmly but slowly.

“Okay, sweetpea?”

Jungkook shakes his head. He hates so much that it feels good, that his body is responding to the touches and he can’t do anything about it.

He thinks about his prison, the last guard to fuck him, and then Seunghyun, but Seunghyun before, when he was nice, when he was slow, when he was so gentle with Jungkook before he ... before ...

Jungkook cries, burying his face into a pillow even as his hips lift up into the touches, even as his dick throbs.

He is so so glad that it doesn’t take long, that Seokjin-shi’s slick hand speeds up and he shudders through an orgasm that hurts more than it feels good.

Seokjin-shi coos at him, whispers gentle praise at him for being so good, and Jungkook feels wretched.

Seokjin-shi uses a towel to clean him up and then covers his body back up with the blanket. And then to Jungkook’s relief, he lets Jungkook suck on his fingers again.

Jungkook curls into his chest and cries. He cries in relief because he doesn’t hurt anymore, and he cries because Seokjin-shi ... Seokjin-shi wanted to take care of him and Jungkook wishes he liked his touches. He wants to, but he can’t, not when all he can think of is the way they used him in prison, the way Seunghyun betrayed him.

He jerks in surprise when a door opens downstairs.

“Jinnie?”

“Upstairs.”

Namjoon-shi stomps his way up, his head popping up over the floor of the loft. He smiles at them.  
“Everything okay?”

“Yes,” Seokjin-shi says. “Jungkook-ie ate and had a little bit of an emotional moment. I had to make him come again, but he’s calmed down now.”

Jungkook blushes and tries to hide away from Namjoon-shi’s soft, gentle look. He finishes coming up into the loft and easily settles next to Seokjin-shi. The way their heads just turn, their mouths just meet, the way the kiss is so soft and easy between them, all makes Jungkook’s chest tighten again. He whines, and Namjoon-shi smiles down at him. He says nothing and then his eyes widen a little and he lets his own fingers slide up Jungkook’s neck and presses a finger into his mouth with Seokjin-shi’s.

Jungkook moans and starts sucking on them, four or five, he isn’t sure. His eyes flutter shut and he twists between them.

“How are the horses?” Seokjin-shi asks.

Namjoon-shi answers the question, but Jungkook doesn’t listen to the rest of the conversation. He’s too focused on the fingers in his mouth, the way he feels so secure between them. It makes him happy enough to cry again, just little tears and small whimpers. After just a look down at him, Seokjin-shi and Namjoon-shi ignore him and continue their conversation.

When Seokjin-shi pulls his fingers from Jungkook’s mouth, Jungkook pouts and glares up at him.

“Be good,” Seokjin says with a tap to his nose. “We want to ask about what happened to you.”

Jungkook shakes his head. “Don’t wanna think about it.”

“I know it’s scary, but we want to know how to help you the best way.”

Stubborn, Jungkook keeps his mouth shut in a pout.

Seokjin-shi smiles at him and leans far enough to press a kiss to his lips.

Jungkook’s eyes flutters shut, his mouth dropping open in surprise.

“You like kisses, yes?”

Jungkook blushes, but he nods.

“And this,” Seokjin-shi says, trailing a finger over his lips.

Jungkook nods even more frantically while trying to chase the fingers.

Seokjin-shi chuckles. “So, let’s make a deal. You tell us something and you get a kiss. When you’re done, even if you’re not done with the story, but if you can’t talk anymore, you can suck on my fingers.”

Jungkook bites his lip. That does sound okay. He really likes Seokjin-shi’s fingers in his mouth. He glances at Namjoon-shi.

“Namjoon-hyung, too?” Jungkook says, hopeful.

Namjoon-shi laughs and leans forward for his own kiss. "Yes, me too."

Jungkook sits up a little straighter. He forgets that he's naked, and the blanket pools around his thighs and Seokjin-hyung chuckles at his blush. He helps Jungkook rearrange the blankets, fingers slipping on this skin. Jungkook isn't sure if the soft touch to his half-hard dick is accidental. But it isn't horrible since he just came, and Seokjin-hyung doesn't linger.

"I ... I was a s-servant," Jungkook starts, voice soft, "in Seunghyun-shi's castle. His father is the lord of that area."

"Good boy," Seokjin-shi says and kisses him. "The entire Lee family thinks they are kings of the entire land. We do not like them at all. It's why we live here."

"I worked in the kitchens and sometimes brought Seunghyun-shi food in the morning. When I was fifteen, I was appointed as his personal servant." Jungkook beams up at them. "He really liked me. I was really good at my job."

"I know you were," Namjoon-shi says and gives him a kiss. "What happened?"

Shifting, Jungkook shrugs a single shoulder and sighs. "I ... I don't ... He started touching me. He started telling me how pretty I was. He started making me touch him before he got dressed."

"Did you tell him no?"

Jungkook shakes his head. "I wasn't allowed to say no. I had to do what he said. But he wasn't mean. He was really nice to me at first. So everyday, before breakfast, I sucked on his dick, and he let me stroke myself off too, and then during lunch sometimes, he wanted it again, and at night, he ... well, he started fucking me. Every night."

Namjoon-hyung gives him a soft kiss. "Was he mean to you?"

"No, hyung, he was so nice." Jungkook remembers how happy he was, how satisfied. "I ... I was so happy to please him. He ... he called me his good boy, and he was so nice to me. For a little while. Then ... then it was a little harsher, sometimes, only sometimes. He'd smack me in the face if I didn't get him off fast enough. Or ... at night, he wouldn't prep me because he was too tired. He started keeping track of little things I did all day, like now bowing deep enough or having too few potatoes on his plate, and he spanked me for it before fucking me. But it all made me better, to be the best servant. When I was in a lot of trouble, sometimes he tied me to the bed and wouldn't let me come. Sometimes he used other things inside me like his knife hilt and that always hurt, but he wanted it so I couldn't say no and I didn't want to. I wanted to be a good boy."

Jungkook doesn't realize he's gasping until Seokjin-hyung presses fingers to his mouth and he sucks on them with a grateful whine.

Namjoon-hyung is frowning, and Jungkook worries he's said something wrong. He puts his hand on Jungkook's neck, his fingers brushing under his chin and then down his chest.

"How come you were in prison?" Seokjin-hyung asks. "If you were Seunghyun's favorite?"

Jungkook shakes his head. He doesn't want to talk about it. It ... it still hurts so much. He didn't understand what was happening at the time, but he understood afterwards, while he had time to think about it in prison.

"He .." Jungkook gags on the fingers and Seokjin-hyung moves all but one. He keeps one finger hooked at his cheek and Jungkook licks at it with his tongue before talking. "He ... he said one day



that he wanted to try it the other way. He wanted to try it with me inside him. I was nervous because I didn't want to hurt him, but he let me prep him. He let me lick at his hole. He let me use oil to make sure I didn't hurt him. He was so ... it felt so good. He ..." Jungkook sighs. "He told me to hold him down, so I held him by the wrists and held him down and ... I was fucking him and he ... he was moaning and then it was like ... just so sudden. He just screamed, suddenly and then guards came in the door and ... and--"

"It looked like you were raping him," Seokjin-hyung said.

Jungkook nods and takes Seokjin-hyung's fingers back in his mouth.

"They set you up," Namjoon-hyung says.

Jungkook starts crying again.

Seokjin-hyung wipes at his tears. "You didn't do anything wrong, did you?"

Jungkook shakes his head, mouth puckered in a pout around Seokjin-shi's fingers, tears clinging to his eyelashes.

"They took you to prison."

Jungkook nods.

"What did they do to you in prison?" Namjoon-hyung asks.

Jungkook swallows and lets himself suck and gag on the fingers before trying to reply. "Not nice. Not ... not nice at all."

"I'm sure they weren't."

Seokjin-hyung puts his hands on Jungkook's cheeks and gives him a kiss. "I know you don't want to talk about it but we need to know so we can help you."

Jungkook shakes his head. "I ... I don't know. They fucked me. Seunghyun, the guards, his friends. It was different everyday. They fed me everyday, kept me cleaned up, but for themselves. They tied me up and sometimes two or three of them would use me at once. They ... they ... hit me, chained me up, cut me, they ..."

"You said they gave you drugs?"

Jungkook nods. "The first time, it was ... I don't know. He had me inhale a line of white stuff, and then the orgasms were so intense and constant. I don't remember anything but needing to come. They made me eat it and inhale it and then ... the days did not make sense. I was always coming. Always. Just they'd touch me and it was so painful and--"

"Shh, sweetie, it's okay. You don't need to say anything else about it. You feel better?"

Jungkook nods. "So much. I ..."

"Do you think you've got it all out of your system, their drug?"

Jungkook shrugs. "Still get hard so fast."

Seokjin smiles. "You really do." He glances down and Jungkook realizes that the blanket isn't over his lap like he thought, or not completely and his dick is half-hard between his legs again.

Namjoon-hyung isn't touching it, but he does have his strong hand and long fingers curled around his thigh, so close to it.

"How long were you in prison?"

"I ... I don't know."

"How old were you when they took you in there?"

Jungkook shakes his head. "E-eighteen. But it was almost my birthday and I think I was in there for ... two winters? Three? I can't remember. Everything is so blurry."

"That's understandable. How did you get out?"

"A guard left the door unlocked after he was done with me and then he fell asleep. I knew that another guard wasn't going to come for a few hours, so I ran."

"I'm so glad you were able to escape," Seokjin-hyung says.

"I'm so glad you found us," Namjoon-hyung adds.

Jungkook blushes. "I'm glad I did too. Thank you so much for all your help. And ..." Jungkook bites his lip. "You really want me to stay?"

Seokjin-hyung nods. "We really want you to stay."

Jungkook smiles so wide, and then flings his arms around Seokjin-hyung's broad shoulders. He hugs him tightly. "Thank you, hyung."

Namjoon-hyung curls up against his back and wraps his arms around both of them.

Jungkook forgot that he is naked, and now he's aware of the rough drag of Namjoon's farm clothes and the soft touch of a hand still on his thigh. He shakes between them, feels his dick grow even harder. He rubs against Seokjin's side with an embarrassed whine.

"Sweetheart, do you want us to make you come again?"

Jungkook shakes his head. "No. I don't ... I don't want it. I just ... it's ruining everything."

They both laugh.

"It isn't," Seokjin-hyung says and swipes his lips with his fingers. "If it hurts you again like earlier, then I'm going to. But if you only want us to hold you, then we'll do that."

Jungkook nods. "Yes. I want that. I don't ... I don't need to come."

Seokjin-hyung pulls away with a stern look. "Don't hurt yourself," he commands. "Don't stop yourself from coming for too long. We'll monitor it too, and if we see you squirming or panting when you're obviously desperate then you'll be in trouble, okay?"

Jungkook's eyes widen. "I ... I won't. I won't, hyung."

"You don't have to touch yourself at all," Namjoon-hyung says. "We'll do it for you, okay?"

He nods. "Thank you, hyungs. Oh!" He pushes up from Seokjin-hyung, hands on his chest.

“What?”

“I did good.” He opens his mouth really wide and Seokjin-hyung laughs and puts his fingers against his tongue. Jungkook closes his mouth around them and sucks.

“You did do so well, sweetpea. I’m going to go finish our dinner. You can suck on Namjoon-ah’s fingers for a little while.”

Jungkook gives Seokjin-hyung’s one more harsh suck and lets go. He turns to Namjoon-hyung and opens his mouth in anticipation. Lips touch his cheek and the bed moves.

Jungkook waits. And waits. With his mouth open and his skin flushed red.

Namjoon-hyung just looks at him.

He tries not to whine. He was good!

Namjoon-hyung’s finger starts at his chest, sliding along his nipples. Jungkook shivers, not in a good way and Namjoon smiles in apology.

“You are very handsome, Jungkook-ie.”

He tries so hard to not blush more.

Namjoon-hyung runs his finger over Jungkook’s lips. When he starts to close his mouth, Namjoon-hyung pulls his finger away.

“Not yet.”

Jungkook sighs and keeps his mouth open. Namjoon-hyung does it again and then again. He slides his finger along Jungkook’s tongue then shifts his head back, fingers digging into his cheek. He rubs against his teeth, front and back of every one.

Jungkook flushes because he remembers seeing the stablehands do this to horses to check their teeth.

“You have a pretty mouth. Good teeth and what feels like a strong tongue.” He slides two fingers down his tongue. Jungkook gags, not expecting it, and then relaxes even more and lets Namjoon-hyung’s long fingers into his throat as far as they can go.

“I bet your mouth looks good around a thick dick,” he says. “I bet you can swallow even my long shaft without gagging.”

Jungkook gurgles around the fingers, trying to swallow and not gag at the same time.

“Suck, sweetheart.”

Jungkook closes his mouth around Namjoon-hyung’s fingers and sucks. Namjoon-hyung pumps them slowly into his mouth and then a little faster. Drool gathers around them, dripping down his chin.

“Fuck, baby. Fuck.” He removes his fingers, a string of spit connecting them for a moment before it drips to Jungkook’s bare chest. He fumbles with his pants, and Jungkook whines, pulling away.

“It’s fine, baby. Don’t ... don’t ... worry.” He pulls his dick from his pants, wraps the hand that had been in Jungkook’s mouth around himself and strokes. His other hand shoots back to Jungkook’s

face, his fingers push into his mouth.

Jungkook's breath comes through his nose in panicked pants, but he closes his mouth and does his best to do as Namjoon-hyung wants. His fingers pump faster in and out of Jungkook's mouth. His fingers are so long, pressing past his gag reflex. He reaches up to grip his wrist, fingers white.

"Sorry, love. Sorry. Sorry." Namjoon-hyung's breath staggers, his hand stops, fingers pressed deep, pinky and thumb curled around his face. Everything tightens, Namjoon-hyung moans, the sound echoing through the upper eaves of the roof.

Seokjin-hyung laughs from below, and Namjoon-hyung smiles before his face freezes and his body shakes. Jungkook glances down. Namjoon-hyung's dick is wide, long, and flushed red. It's definitely big, but Jungkook is pretty sure that he'd be able to swallow it if Namjoon-hyung made him. He hopes that Namjoon-hyung wouldn't make him do that. Jungkook watches as it visibly swells before come spurts from the tip and covers his shirt and curls over his knuckles.

He sags backwards, falling against the bed. His fingers slip from Jungkook's mouth and Jungkook chases them for a moment before blushing and leaning back. His dick isn't as hard as it was before, so he's at least grateful that he doesn't need to come.

"Sorry, sweetheart. Couldn't help it. Are you okay?" He reaches up to touch Jungkook's face and then stops when he sees it's with his dirty hand. He switches hands and cups Jungkook's cheek.

"I didn't mean to scare you," Namjoon-hyung says.

Jungkook's first instinct is to deny being scared, but he knows that he can be honest with them. He smiles sheepishly and kisses the first finger that comes close enough.

"Are you okay?"

Jungkook nods. "I'm fine, hyung. I'm ... I'm glad you felt good."

"I want you to feel good too."

Jungkook sucks the pad of his finger into his mouth. "I do. I am so thankful to be here."

"Don't do things because you're thankful to us," Namjoon-hyung says. "Do things because you like it."

Jungkook bites the finger. "I like this," he says around it.

Namjoon-hyung laughs. "Yeah, we know." He removes his soiled shirt, and Jungkook blushes, turning away. Thankfully, Namjoon-hyung doesn't notice. He uses the shirt to clean his hand and a few stray clumps of come.

"Joon-ah, come down for dinner," Seokjin-hyung shouts.

Namjoon-hyung makes a face as he stands. He goes to the armoire and opens it, pulling a shirt from the pile of shirts. He snaps it open and then pulls it over his head.

Jungkook watches, because he can. Namjoon-hyung is really strong, back and front muscles defined. He doesn't have anything resembling an ass, but his thighs are thick. Jungkook blushes again, imagining himself curled up against his thigh.

"Do you want to come down?" Namjoon-hyung asks.

Jungkook does, but he's tired. He cried a lot and his head hurts.

Namjoon-hyung must sense his thoughts. "It's okay to stay here. We won't be long to bed. Farm work starts early and if you're feeling okay, you can come with me in the morning."

Jungkook's eyes light up. "I can?"

"Yes, you can. But stay up here and rest." He goes back to the wardrobe and takes a different shirt from a different pile. He comes over to the bed and holds it out. "Arms up, sweetheart."

Jungkook obeys. Namjoon-hyung slips the shirt over his head and Jungkook lets him move his arms to put it on. It's so soft, much softer than Namjoon's shirt. And it smells like Soekjin-hyung. Jungkook pulls the long sleeves to his nose and inhales, a happy whine escaping his throat.

"Do you want some pants or underclothes?" Namjoon-hyung asks.

Jungkook pulls the shirt down over his lap. It covers him enough. He shakes his head.

"Okay." Namjoon-hyung pushes at his shoulder and Jungkook lays back down against the firm pillows. Namjoon-hyung adjusts the pillows around him and then pulls the blanket straight and up over Jungkook's chest. Jungkook can't do anything but smile.

"So cute," Namjoon-hyung says and leans over him for a soft kiss. He trails his fingers on Jungkook's lips after, but pulls them away when Jungkook tries to suck on them. He pouts and Namjoon-hyung laughs. "I have to go eat dinner," he says and taps his nose. "Sleep. I will wake you in the morning."

Jungkook is really tired and his chest is tight, his head light. He feels so good and he doesn't ever want this feeling to end. He watches Namjoon-hyung climb down the ladder.

"If you do anything with him again where I'm not in a position to join you, then you can starve," Seokjin-hyung says.

Namjoon-hyung chuckles. "Then I guess we're even."

Their conversation forms a pleasant hum in Jungkook's mind. It isn't the same as Namjoon-hyung or Seokjin-hyung's, but he puts two of his own fingers in his mouth and sucks on them before he falls asleep.

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Jungkook remembers only moving a little to make room for Namjoon-hyung and Seokjin-hyung in their bed. He wakes up hot and confused and terrified before remembering where he is. He wakes up to darkness.

But not silence. Or stillness.

There are soft gasps near his ear and the bed below him is moving.

Jungkook blinks, still slow and sleepy. He curls up a little tighter with the blanket.

"Namjoon, Namjoon, please, please, please. Faster."

“Hush. You’ll wake Jungkook up.”

The soft whispers permeate Jungkook’s haze of sleep and he turns his head and then his body. He’s on the very edge of the bed. And the other ... the others are on the other side of the bed, but not sleeping. Definitely not sleeping.

They’d thrown off the blankets, right onto Jungkook which is why he is so hot. No clothes. They aren’t wearing clothes.

Namjoon-hyung has Seokjin-hyung pinned below him, one of Seokjin’s long legs is wrapped around his waist and the other is in Namjoon-hyung’s firm grip, just behind his knee. He’s bent that leg toward Seokjin-hyung’s chest, and he’s moving, thrusts firm and sharp.

Now that Jungkook is awake, he can hear the wet slide of Namjoon-hyung’s dick inside Seokjin-hyung’s body. He can hear the creaking of the bed. He can hear Seokjin-hyung’s soft moans.

“Good morning, sweetheart,” Namjoon-hyung says, voice breathless.

Jungkook’s gaze snaps up to his, and Namjoon-hyung smiles. “Did Seokjin wake you? He was supposed to be quiet.”

Seokjin-hyung whines. “S-sorry, sweetpea.”

“It’s okay, hyung.” Jungkook wraps the blankets tighter around himself. He watches Seokjin-hyung’s face. He looks so happy, so pleased. Jungkook tries to remember if he ever looked like that during sex. Maybe before prison.

“Okay?” Seokjin-hyung asks.

Jungkook isn’t sure if Seokjin-hyung is asking if he’s okay or if it’s okay that they are having sex near him. It doesn’t matter. The answer is the same.

Jungkook smiles and nods. “I’m okay, hyung. It’s okay.”

“Thank god,” Seokjin-hyung says. “I’d be so mad if Namjoon stopped right now.”

“You mean like this,” Namjoon-hyung says and stills his hips, completely buried inside Seokjin-hyung’s body.

Seokjin-hyung whines. “You bastard. Move.”

Namjoon-hyung chuckles and trails a hand down Seokjin-hyung’s chest to his hard dick. He slowly pumps his hand and Seokjin-hyung shivers, precome splattering on his stomach.

“Move. Please. Love. Move.”

Namjoon-hyung doesn’t. “Love to feel you clench so tightly around me.”

Seokjin-hyung groans in annoyance and that makes Jungkook giggle. He covers his mouth with the long sleeves of the sweater and only blushes a little when Seokjin-hyung looks over at him. He reaches and Jungkook doesn’t stop him, eyes fluttering shut as Seokjin-hyung cups his cheek.

“Pretty baby,” Seokjin-hyung whispers.

Namjoon-hyung doesn’t pull out of him but starts rolling his hips to move inside him. Seokjin-hyung’s eyes flutter shut and his hand slips.

Jungkook whines and chases it, lips wrapping around his fingertip. Seokjin-hyung smiles through his pleasure and lets Jungkook suck at his fingers. Two of them at first and then three.

"Pretty," Namjoon-hyung echoes and finally starts moving again.

Seokjin-hyung moans in appreciation. "So good, baby."

Jungkook moves closer, cradling Seokjin-hyung's elbow and upper arm. He relaxes and Jungkook moves himself, taking him by the wrist, pumping his fingers in and out of his mouth.

Seokjin-hyung's moans grow, his breath short and broken.

"Come, love," Namjoon-hyung demands, a firm grip on Seokjin-hyung's dick. "Come."

Jungkook watches, unconsciously sucking harder, as Seokjin-hyung winds up and snaps. His body tenses, muscles twitching, his legs tighten around Namjoon-hyung. He throws his head back, his fingers in Jungkook's mouth grip, hook on his teeth and he pulls Jungkook toward him. Jungkook follows the painful pull, tastes blood, and whines.

Seokjin-hyung shudders as he comes, his moans turning to curses when he covers his chest in come.

"Finally," Namjoon-hyung growls and speeds up, gripping behind both his knees and spreading his legs almost impossibly wide.

Seokjin-hyung continues to whimper, wraps a hand around himself and strokes as fast as he can. Namjoon-hyung glares at him, smacking his thigh, but doesn't stop. More come splatters from his dick and Seokjin-hyung collapses with a loud cry, echoed by Namjoon-hyung as his hips still for a moment and then he rushes for his release inside his lover.

Their heavy breaths are the only sounds for a long time.

Jungkook swallows around the finger still in his mouth.

Seokjin-hyung smiles over at him and then frowns. He pulls his finger away despite Jungkook's noise of protest. He wipes his finger on the corner of Jungkook's mouth. The tip is red with blood. Jungkook smiles.

"I hurt you."

Jungkook shakes his head. "It didn't hurt, hyung. It's ok." He sucks the finger back in his mouth. Seokjin-hyung huffs but lets him.

Jungkook smiles and shuffles closer. Seokjin-hyung smiles back and they rearrange until Jungkook is tucked into his side, happily licking at his fingers.

"Do you need to come?" Namjoon-hyung asks.

Jungkook shakes his head. "Nope. Promise. Nice to just watch," he mumbles.

Namjoon-hyung leans down and kisses him, softly sucking at his split lip. "Clean up is my least favorite part," Namjoon-hyung says.

"You topped, you clean up," Seokjin-hyung says with a laugh.

Namjoon-hyung grumbles, mouth opening with a soft sigh as he pulls out. He still looks so hard.

Jungkook shuts his eyes. He tries to imagine Namjoon-hyung doing that to him, Namjoon-hyung instead of the others, but he ... His breathing speeds up and he sucks a little harder on Seokjin-hyung fingers.

"You okay?"

Jungkook shakes his head but says nothing else, willing his body to relax.

Seokjin-hyung coos at him, running his hands through Jungkook's hair. He talks about how sweet Jungkook is, how cute, how soft his hair is, how much he likes him. Soft whispers until Jungkook calms down and he can breathe again.

"Don't wanna hate it," Jungkook murmurs.

"Hate what, Kook-ie?"

"Sex. I-I-I want to ... I-like it and b-be with you but I don't wanna have sex and I want touches but not -"

"Shh baby, shh. It's okay if you don't want it. We can do whatever you want. You can be with us without having sex."

Jungkook pouts but doesn't disagree. They won't want to keep him long if he doesn't have sex with them. That's the only reason Seunghyun-shi kept him around before prison.

Namjoon-hyung cleans them up with a wet towel. Jungkook stays snuggled next to Seokjin-hyung until Namjoon-hyung is dressed and holding out a pair of breeches.

"Did you want to come out to the farm with me?"

Jungkook's eyes widen and he lets go of Seokjin-hyung's fingers with a gap. "I forgot. Yes. Yes, please, hyungs."

"Aigoo, so cute." He tweaks Jungkook's nose. \*Get up, let's go." Jungkook's legs wobble. He's only a little sore but nothing he can't handle. He stands up and Namjoon-hyung kneels at his feet to help him with the pants and then a pair of socks.

He's able to get down the ladder by himself, and he wears Seokjin-hyung's boots.

"Don't go back to sleep," Namjoon-hyung shouts up at Seokjin-hyung. "We want breakfast."

"Make your own damn breakfast!"

"Love you!"

"Love your dick! "

Namjoon-hyung smiles at Jungkook and leads the way outside.

The farm is gorgeous in the daylight. The morning sun sparkles on the dew-covered fields. Birds chip. The sky is slowly turning blue, and white clouds dance above. The wind is blowing a little bit, and Namjoon-hyung smiles up at the sky and says it will rain soon.

Namjoon-hyung leads him to the chicken coop. "I collect eggs first so Seokjin has enough for breakfast, not all the hens lay each night but missing one means one less egg."



He shows Jungkook how to slip a hand under a hen to get an egg without getting pecked and sets it into a basket.

Then they go to the barn to turn the horses out into the paddock to feed. "Ever ride a horse?"

"A long time ago."

"I let them eat first and then after breakfast, I take them out to herd the cows and sheep later. One day, I'll take you with me."

Namjoon-hyung shows him how to milk one of the two heifers he has. The other one has a calf that is still feeding, so he leaves that one's milk for the baby. Jungkook falls in love with the calf, letting it lick his face. Namjoon-hyung coos at him the same way that Jungkook coos at the calf, and he blushes bright pink.

They feed the pigs next and then the dogs.

"Farming is hard work," Namjoon-hyung says while hefting a bale of hay onto a wooden ledge inside the barn. "Don't tire yourself out."

But Jungkook does because he wants to help. He lifts the bales up into the loft from the ledge and helps Namjoon-hyung lug firewood closer to the house.

They go back to the house for breakfast with fresh eggs, milk and some berries that grow at the edge of the woods. The cream of the milk goes into the porridge, the rest of the milk is portioned out for later in the day.

There are only two chairs at the table. Jungkook is sure that Seokjin-hyung means for him to sit on one, but he doesn't want to. He waits until Namjoon-hyung takes his place then he sits at his feet and leans against his thigh.

"Sweetheart, you can sit in the chair."

"Don't wanna." He opens his mouth.

Namjoon-hyung huffs in amusement. But he settles two fingers against his tongue. Like before, Jungkook keeps his mouth open until Namjoon-hyung tells him that he can suck on them.

Seokjin-hyung sets the table with their breakfast. Jungkook is hungry but he waits until Namjoon-hyung removes his fingers and replaces them with a spoonful of the sweet and earthy porridge. He gives him a bit of ham and bread dipped in egg yolk. And then some fruit and more porridge. It is all washed down with warm milk flavored with fruit juices.

"Such a good boy," Seokjin-hyung says and pets his hair. "All full?"

He nods.

"Good. You got to see part of what Namjoon does everyday. Do you want to go with him to the pastures or stay with me in the gardens."

"He hasn't ridden before," Namjoon-hyung says. "His first ride isn't going to be that long."

"The gardens, it is."

Jungkook doesn't like weeding. Not at all. It is boring and he doesn't understand why one plant is good and one is bad. But he follows Seokjin-hyung's commands and tries not to huff and he carries

the heavy basket of vegetables and fruit to their pantry building without complaint.

Afterward, Seokjin-hyung shows him how to cut vegetables for their stew.

"Namjoon-ah will be back for lunch soon. Are you tired, do you want a nap?"

Jungkook hadn't felt tired until he asked, and his muscles kind of ache.

"Will you nap with me?"

Seokjin-hyung shakes his head. "I have to patch up some of Namjoons clothes. He destroys everything and I can't trust him not to stab himself with a sewing needle."

Jungkook covers his mouth with a laugh.

"Go on upstairs. I will wake you when he gets back."

Jungkook frowns. "Can I stay down here?"

Seokjin-hyung looks like he might argue, but he nods. He leads him into the open sitting room.

"You can sit in Namjoon's chair."

It's a big chair with soft cushions. Jungkook sags into it with a content noise.

Seokjin-hyung retrieves a knitted blanket from a chest and throws it over him. It smells of cedar and firewood.

"Just rest," Seokjin-hyung says and ruffles his hair.

Jungkook smiles as he curls up with the blanket. Seokjin-hyung moves to the other chair. He sits down, pulling heavy cloth from a basket at his feet. Jungkook watches him sew. His eyes are heavy, but he can't settle. He shifts around, but then he can't see Seokjin-hyung and he wants to see him. He shifts back. The chair is really comfortable and the room is warm. Jungkook doesn't understand why he can't sleep at first.

He wants to be touched, he realizes, needs it, needs a hand in his hair or on his skin, but he doesn't want to interrupt Seokjin-hyung's work. But he can hold part of him, his leg really, and stay out of the way. He gathers the blanket around himself and falls to his knees.

Seokjin-hyung looks up in concern. "Jungkook?"

He doesn't reply because he doesn't want to be told no. He crawls over to his chair, wraps up in the blanket and lays down with his head near Seokjin-hyung's foot.

Seokjin-hyung chuckles and reaches down to pet his hair. "You don't need to do this, but I can tell you want to." He moves his foot so it's under Jungkook's head.

Jungkook curls his arm around Seokjin-hyung's leg with a happy noise. He pulls the pant leg up enough to get his mouth on the skin stretched over the bone of his ankle. He sucks, just once and then leaves his mouth open and relaxes.

Namjoon-hyung wakes him with gentle touches on his face and soft kisses on his lips.

Jungkook doesn't freak out this time when he wakes up because he knows right where he is, right where he belongs, and he is so very happy.

--- 3-ish months later ---

Time is a weird thing. In prison, it dragged, days blended into orgasms, and the nights never ended.

On the farm, with Seokjin-hyung and Namjoon-hyung, time passes quickly.

Winter blankets their world after a rush of preparations, harvest, wood splitting, curing meat, and buying the needed supplies and clothes for Jungkook. He worries that his hyungs are worrying too much about him, and they are working too hard for him to survive the winter. When he brings it up, Seokjin-hyung gives him a sharp look and that's the end of that. They will be fine.

Jungkook is nervous the first time he goes for supplies to the closest town with Namjoon-hyung. He doesn't want to be taken back to prison, but no one looks at him twice, or they do, but Namjoon-hyung assures him that it's because Jungkook is gorgeous. He does learn on that trip after seeing the date in the supply store that he is now twenty-one. He'd been in prison for more than two years.

Almost three years of his life. He was sad and upset, clinging to Namjoon-hyung and Seokjin-hyung for the rest of that week, whining when he was left alone or he had nothing to suck on. But they reassured him with kisses, touches, soft words, and food. So much food.

He always ate so much food, more than he had in his life, and he knew that part of it was because Namjoon-hyung and Seokjin-hyung loved to feed him from their fingers, and he loved to kneel for them, open his mouth and take whatever they offered and suck on their fingers.

Jungkook grew into himself, and with the farm work, his muscles grew into him, his shoulders and chest strengthened, his waist staying tiny, his thighs almost as muscular as Namjoon-hyung's.

The morning after the first real snow storm finds Jungkook out playing in it without proper clothes. He'd just thrown on a scarf and hadn't laced his boots and just ran out to play in the deep banks of snow. Namjin-hyungs are on the porch telling him to come back inside.

Jungkook doesn't want to, but the snow is really cold, the air crisp against his face.

"Jeon Jungkook," Seokjin-hyung says sharply. "You get in this house right now or I will make you sit in a chair and eat by yourself."

Jungkook loses his balance and topples headfirst into a snowbank. He can hear Seokjin-hyung counting. No no no no no no.

He tries to get up and stumbles more, getting tangled up in his scarf. When Jungkook hears "five," he sinks into the snow with a cry of frustration.

It's silent from the house and he looks overt to see the porch empty. He can't get up and crawls through the deep snow.

"Get those wet clothes off before you come inside," Seokjin-hyung says, his voice empty.

Jungkook shakes as he strips, all the way down to his under clothes. He stands naked, shivering on the front porch before the cold drives away his nerves and he hurries inside. The fire burns bright in the main room, and the cold retreats as Jungkook shuts the door. He stays by the door, rubbing his arms.

"I'm sorry," Jungkook tries.

Seokjin-hyung lifts an eyebrow and points to Namjoon-hyung's empty chair. Namjoon-hyung is

rooting around in the loft. Jungkook sighs and sits down. He tries to apologize again.

Seokjin-hyung ignores him and eats his warm porridge.

Shaking, Jungkook picks up the spoon and eats. Tears well in his eyes and he starts crying after swallowing the first bite. He can't eat after that, and drops his head in his arms. He is still shivering. A blanket drapes over his shoulders, but he doesn't curl it around himself. He deserves to be cold.

"Eat your food," Namjoon-hyung says and tugs on his hair.

Jungkook takes a deep breath and obeys. Mostly. He is shaking, so he spills some on the table.

Namjoon-hyung leans against the counter to eat and Jungkook tries not to think about kneeling at his feet with his mouth open.

Breakfast is quiet aside from Jungkook's sniffles.

When he is done eating, Seokjin-hyung tells Jungkook to go to the middle of the room and wait. Gratefully, Jungkook sinks to the floor and crawls. The blanket slides from his body and he hears two quick inhales. He flushes, from the warmth, not from their gazes, not from how much they obviously want him.

Jungkook moves to the middle of the room, kneels on his square pillow and puts his hands on top of his head, like he was told to whenever he did something bad. He faces the fire, his front now warm, his back still chilled from his time outside. He shivers.

Time. Such a fickle thing. It passes slowly now.

Jungkook shifts on his knees.

He watches the flames dance. There are whispers behind him but he doesn't try to listen to them.

His arms ache. His knees throb. But that is nothing to how tight his chest feels. How upset he is that he wasn't able to obey.

When fingers finally touch his arm, he gasps and jerks, almost falling forward.

"Come here," Seokjin-hyung says and tugs on his elbow.

Jungkook has to blink away the glare from the fire to look up at him. He sits on his chair and Jungkook shimmies over to him. He pats his lap and Jungkook sighs, but folds himself over Seokjin-hyung's knees, placing his hands on the floor.

"Do you need to tell me why you're in trouble?"

"Disobeyed you, hyung." Jungkook wants to say more, about how he tried his best to obey, but he knows that if he'd been outside properly dressed to begin with then he would have been able to get into the house when Seokjin-hyung told him too.

Seokjin-hyung hums in agreement.

Jungkook does not like spankings. Not at all. They sting. Especially from Seokjin-hyung. Namjoon-hyung's hand has weight, and he bruises easily under his hands. But Seokjin-hyung's just hurt.

The first one pulls a surprised yelp from Jungkook's throat and he lurches forward. A second one lands in the same spot and Jungkook whimpers. His body tightens, waiting for the next one, and then relaxes when Seokjin-hyung smooths his hand down Jungkook's ass. He's crying by the fifth one, and his body sags and gives up being tense by the seventh.

"You're so strong, sweetpea," Seokjin-hyung says and grips his sore asscheek. "So strong." His hand sweeps down his thigh and curls between his legs.

Jungkook's breath quickens and he shuts his eyes tight in anticipation. Seokjin-hyung does touch him, cups his balls and soft cock in his large hand and squeezes.

Jungkook waits to hate it. It ... It isn't horrible, but he doesn't want that.

It's a quick squeeze and then his hand is gone, back to his thigh, back to his ass.

"Five more," Seokjin-hyung says.

Jungkook whimpers. His ass really hurts. His skin is burning. But he doesn't complain. He has no idea how many he's already taken, so five more is fine. They really hurt. It all really hurts and he doesn't even know he's crying, he's been crying. When Seokjin-hyung finishes, he carefully pulls Jungkook into his lap until Jungkook is straddling him with his knees pressed against the edge of the chair.

Seokjin-hyung runs his hands up and down Jungkook's waist and down his ass and the back of his thighs.

"Gorgeous," Namjoon-hyung says and Jungkook flushes. He didn't know that Namjoon-hyung was even there.

"You are," Seokjin-hyung says and pulls Jungkook down for a long kiss.

While they're kissing, Namjoon-hyung moves behind them and takes Jungkook's arms in his hands, pulling them behind his back. Jungkook moans and holds them there, gripping one of his wrists. Namjoon-hyung cards his fingers through Jungkook's hair, pulling on it while he and Seokjin-hyung kiss. His other hand sweeps over Jungkook's shoulders and grips his neck. Seokjin-hyung's hands move all over the rest of his body.

It feels so good, so good, and Jungkook whines. He doesn't even realize his hips are moving in small circles until Seokjin-hyung pulls away from his mouth and smiles at him.

"What is this, sweetpea?" Seokjin-hyung asks. He trails fingers down Jungkook's chest.

Jungkook follows them with his blurry gaze and gasps when he sees. He's ... hard. His dick is so hard.

That hasn't happened in so long.

He whines and tries to curl into himself to hide it.

Seokjin-hyung laughs. "Cute. Do you want me to touch you?"

Jungkook shakes his head and whines, "No."

"Okay, baby. I won't." Seokjin-hyung leans back up and kisses him. But Jungkook can't follow the kisses anymore. He's breathing too fast. Panicking.

And Seokjin-hyung frowns at him, his hands soft on his cheeks. “Baby?”

“Don’t ... don’t want ... don’t ... don’t wanna be hard, hyung.” He ends with a gasping cry.

“Shh,” he says and puts his fingers in Jungkook’s mouth to suck on. “I know you don’t want to. It’s okay. Your body feels good. You feel safe and happy. It’s okay to be hard. It means you feel good. That doesn’t mean you want sex. It doesn’t mean you want to come. It means you feel good.”

Jungkook sucks harshly on the fingers, vision blurring with tears again. He tries to calm down. He sort of does. His dick is soft again, thank god.

Namjoon-hyung presses a kiss to his shoulder. “You know we’ll do what you want, and you don’t want that. So we won’t do that. But Seokjin-hyung is still hard and I kind of want to choke him with my dick.”

Jungkook huffs out a laugh because Namjoon-hyung is always so vulgar.

“Yeah, I kind of want that too.”

Namjoon-hyung growls and pulls Jungkook. He follows the lead and climbs off Seokjin-hyung’s lap. Seokjin-hyung stands up and takes the blanket that was around Jungkook’s shoulders and straightens it out on the floor in front of the fire. Namjoon-hyung grabs another one to throw over it and then takes off his clothes. Seokjin-hyung follows his lead quickly until they’re both naked, standing close together. Firelight dances on their skin and Jungkook inhales and holds his breath. They’re so handsome. So very handsome and he very much wants to be between them. He imagines it for a moment, him kneeling between them while their hard dicks fight for space in his mouth. He whines, embarrassed, and looks away.

Seokjin-hyung drops to his knees first. Namjoon-hyung steps into him, and Seokjin-hyung sucks his dick into his mouth, gripping the back of his thighs. Namjoon-hyung throws his head back and moans. He tangles his hands in Seokjin-hyung’s hair and pulls his head back before thrusting forward. Seokjin-hyung gags and then moans, but doesn’t stop him. It’s rough for a few moments and then Namjoon-hyung pulls his head back and his mouth off his dick. He gets down on his knees and they hug, kiss, and Namjoon takes both their dicks in his hand and strokes.

“You can come closer,” Namjoon-hyung says to Jungkook.

He wants to, but he doesn’t want to. His dick is ... it’s getting hard again, and that scares him because he doesn’t want to be hard.

They continue to kiss before Seokjin-hyung moves his mouth down Namjoon-hyung’s body, down his front, licking and biting at his nipples, dragging his tongue down his strong stomach. Namjoon-hyung moans with every new mark that Seokjin-hyung leaves. He ends up on his hands and knees and takes Namjoon-hyung’s thick cock back into his mouth.

Namjoon-hyung sighs, caressing his cheeks before gripping his hair again and thrusting forward. Seokjin-hyung gags.

Jungkook knows that he wouldn’t gag. He would be able to take all of Namjoon-hyung’s dick down his throat. But ... but he doesn’t want that.

His skin is aching though, his chest tight, and his mouth is open in desperate pants because there’s nothing to fill it, nothing to suck on to reassure himself that he is okay. His dick hurts and he hates it.

He shuffles closer because they said he could. He doesn't want to interrupt, but god he wants something in his mouth. Maybe Namjoon-hyung's fingers.

When he is close enough, it isn't his fingers that Jungkook focuses on. It's his dick. He has a really big one, bigger than almost all the ones that Jungkook had seen in prison. Spit is shimmering on it, dripping to the floor from Seokjin-hyung's mouth. Only about half of it is pushing in and out of Seokjin-hyung's mouth.

Jungkook bites his lip. He jerks when Namjoon-hyung touches his face.

"Sweetheart?" He slides his fingers toward his mouth, and Jungkook turns away.

Namjoon-hyung says the pet name again, this time in concern.

Jungkook doesn't want to say it. Doesn't want to ask. But he's a good boy and good boys ask for permission.

"Can I ..." Jungkook whines and gestures to his dick.

"Can you what?"

"Just ... want to ..." He whines loudly and tries to move to where Seokjin-hyung's mouth is.

"We don't want to hurt you," Namjoon-hyung says, breathless. "Say what you want so I don't assume."

Jungkook knows he's right, so he tries his best and manages to say, "Dick. Want it in my mouth."

Namjoon-hyung groans and Seokjin-hyung groans and Jungkook blushes a brighter red.

Namjoon-hyung yanks Seokjin-hyung off him with a growl and strokes his own dick. Jungkook watches, eyes wide.

"You don't have to," Seokjin-hyung says, his voice rough, and Jungkook knows that, but he ... he really wants to.

He leans forward with his mouth open and he misses the head because he shut his eyes and his mouth touches the thick shaft first. It's still wet with Seokjin-hyung's spit and tastes salty and warm, and he tries to remember to breathe because it's been so long since he's had a dick anywhere near his mouth.

Namjoon-hyung cups his cheek and directs his mouth to the head, and Jungkook whines when it enters his mouth. He closes his lips around it and takes too much and gags and then breathes, mouth open, and does it again. Takes more. And then more. It stretches his lips wide and gags him with almost every thrust. And Namjoon-hyung is thrusting, slow pulses of his hips that keep Jungkook's mouth so full..

Jungkook's head swims, but he's very aware of everything all of a sudden. The soft blanket under his hands and knees. The firm grip of Namjoon-hyung's hands in his hair. The powerful way he pulls and pushes Jungkook up and down his dick. And the way that Seokjin-hyung's hands are on his sore ass, the skin stinging from his spanking. But his dick isn't hard. Not anymore.

He relaxes after realizing that. This is all he needed, something in his mouth to calm himself down. And he remembers how to breathe around a dick in his throat. He remembers how to relax and take it.

Namjoon-hyung's stomach presses to his nose, the hair around his dick tickling his face. Namjoon-hyung moans deeply and pulls almost all the way out before sliding right back down to the hilt.

Jungkook doesn't gag, feels how far he goes, feels how much he stretches where things aren't really supposed to be. Everything is wet, and Jungkook sighs and just takes it. His back bows toward the floor, ass perking up, and he only startles a little bit when Seokjin-hyung kisses his ass, mouth instead of hands on the sore skin. It feels good though, so he doesn't stop it.

Namjoon-hyung's curses and praises are muffled in Jungkook's ears. He barely notices when Namjoon-hyung speeds up, when his thrusts are so strong that he has to be careful not to bloody Jungkook's nose when his face meets his body. Each thrust pushes his dick into Jungkook's throat and Jungkook leans a certain way to take a bit more into his throat.

"Shit, shit, shit," Namjoon-hyung pants and then his dick is gone and Jungkook whines, mouth open trying to get it back inside.

Come splatters all over his face, into his open mouth, across his cheeks and nose. Luckily he has his eyes shut.

Namjoon-hyung gasps and his hand tightens in Jungkook's hair and he thrusts his dick back into his mouth, spilling the last few drops deep into and down Jungkook's throat. He doesn't gag even when Namjoon-hyung leaves his hard dick down there while it pulses through the last of his orgasm.

Jungkook is lost for a moment, lost and tired, and then there's another gasp behind him and more come splatters on his ass and thighs.

There is a brief moment of stillness, of nothing but harsh breaths steadying, and Jungkook realizes that he isn't really breathing, so he pulls away, gags as Namjoon-hyung's dick clings to his throat for a moment and then slides free. Jungkook takes a deep breath and promptly bursts into tears.

"Sweetheart!"

There are fingers on his dirty face, hands on his chest and someone is trying to hug him, but he falls and curls up onto the floor, hiding from them, hiding from what they did to him. He didn't ... he didn't want that. He just wanted something in his mouth!

He cries so hard, flinching at their touches, flinching harder at the wet cloth wiping his body.

"Let me clean your face," Seokjin-hyung whispers.

Jungkook hears him, staying hidden for a little longer and then turns. Tears are falling from his face and it's so dirty, he can feel the come drying, feel it clump on his cheeks and his eyelashes. Seokjin-hyung coos at him in concern, but starts wiping at his face. Namjoon-hyung brings another clean towel and Seokjin-hyung uses that one until Jungkook is free of come. Free of their ... their ...

Jungkook cries and hides behind his hands.

"Sweetpea, we're sorry," Seokjin-hyung says. "We're so sorry. We got caught up in having you between us and we're sorry. Hyungs are sorry."

Jungkook whines and doesn't flinch away when Namjoon-hyung pulls him against his chest. Both of them hug him and touch him.

"Kook-ie is sorry too," Jungkook whispers.



“No, baby. No, you have nothing to be sorry about.”

Jungkook shakes his head. “Wanted ... wanted something in my mouth, something bigger than fingers and ... should have stopped, should have not wanted--”

Namjoon-hyung hushes him. “It isn’t your fault. It’s my fault. I should have stopped. You weren’t in control, but I was. Well, sort of. Your mouth and throat felt so good on my dick, sweetheart. God, I can’t believe that you can take all of me into your throat. It’s my fault for getting lost in that and not caring about what you wanted. I shouldn’t have come like that.”

Jungkook swallows roughly. He can still taste it. A taste that used to make him sick, but ... but it’s Namjoon-hyung’s come. He isn’t going to make himself throw up, not like he used to do. He snuggles against Namjoon-hyung’s chest.

“Hyungs?”

“What, sweetheart?”

“I ... I don’t know what I want.”

“That’s okay,” Seokjin-hyung says. “We’ll try to be better at asking. Here. Drink.”

Jungkook pushes up and drinks the water Seokjin-hyung offers.

“Good boy. Do you want to get up?”

Jungkook shakes his head and returns to Namjoon-hyung’s chest. His ass hurts. His chest hurts. He’s still crying a little.

“Do you want to suck on my fingers?” Namjoon-hyung trails a fingertip over his lips.

Jungkook’s first instinct is to say yes, open his mouth, and suck on them, but ... but ... he pulls away, bites his lip, and looks down at Namjoon-hyung’s dick. Even soft, it’s pretty big, and it twitches as Jungkook looks.

“You want to suck on my dick? Baby, that’s--”

Jungkook shakes his head. He doesn’t want it like that, not to make him come. “Just want it in my mouth.”

Namjoon-hyung takes a deep breath. “I can’t guarantee you that I won’t get hard.”

“S’okay,” Jungkook says and shifts down between his legs. He rests his head on Namjoon-hyung’s upper thigh, moves his mouth and sucks his dick into his mouth. Namjoon-hyung inhales sharply. A dollop of come seeps from the tip and Jungkook swallows it. He shifts around until he has his arm around Namjoon’s leg, fingers digging into his strong thigh. He shuts his eyes with a soft whine and relaxes, suckling on his dick.

“Fuck,” Namjoon-hyung gasps.

Sure enough, his dick hardens, and it’s difficult to keep it in his mouth, but Jungkook turns his head to a different angle, lets more of it into his throat, enough that he can still breathe and then he stops, lays back down and makes soft happy noises as he suckles.

Namjoon-hyung’s dick pulses in his mouth.

“That is really hot,” Seokjin-hyung says.

“Fuck, I’m ...”

“Just let him have it. You need to learn self-control anyway.”

Namjoon-hyung curses again.

Fingers card through his hair. Seokjin-hyung’s or Namjoon-hyung’s. Maybe both. He doesn’t care. It feels nice and he lays there, the last few tears fall from his eyes and he suckles, uses his tongue to feel all the ridges of his dick. He really likes fingers, but he loves this more, loves how full his mouth is, loves how Namjoon’s dick pulses under his tongue. A blanket settles over him, covering his head up and letting him lay in comfort and warmth.

“I’ll go gather the eggs,” Seokjin-hyung says. “Let him rest. The cows can wait just a little longer.”

Jungkook doesn’t fall asleep, but he almost does. His brain stays in a haze of happiness, his eyes shut. He’s so relaxed, so happy.

He isn’t even aware of it, but whenever Namjoon-hyung’s dick starts to soften in his mouth, he whines, sucks it back to hardness and takes a little more into his throat. If he was aware, he would notice how turned on Namjoon-hyung is, how desperate he becomes with every soft suckle. If he was aware, he’d see how Namjoon-hyung bites down on his hand everytime he wants to moan, he’d see how Namjoon-hyung grips his own hair to keep himself from fucking into Jungkook’s mouth until he comes.

But Jungkook is happy and content, buried under the warmth of the blanket, curled up against Namjoon’s strong thigh with his thick dick in his mouth.

If he’d been aware, he would have noticed how quickly Namjoon-hyung moves to another room when Seokjin-hyung says that the chores couldn’t wait anymore. He would have noticed the quick gasps and the wet sounds of a hand on a dick, but Seokjin-hyung is kissing him, Seokjin-hyung is running his hands over his body to keep him calm after losing his sucking toy.

He doesn’t notice, but there is a smirk on Seokjin’s lips that when Jungkook’s head has cleared and he finds himself lying upstairs in the bed, Jungkook realizes meant that Namjoon-hyung had been in the kitchen frantically jerking himself off after being inside Jungkook’s mouth for almost an hour.

Jungkook lets himself think about that. He thinks about it for a long time, and knows that Namjoon-hyung liked that almost as much as he did, but for different reasons. When his dick grows hard thinking of how much Namjoon-hyung liked to be in his mouth, Jungkook doesn’t freak out or try to stop it. He doesn’t touch himself either, just lets himself feel that pleasure, the pleasure that comes from being good for them, and to them.

Jungkook sleeps through lunch, but comes downstairs for dinner. He feels a lot better, a lot more in control of himself. He wears only one of Seokjin-hyung’s long soft sweaters and he doesn’t bother to hide how his dick is half hard and pushing up against it.

Namjoon-hyung sits at the table, and Jungkook falls to his knees to curl up against his leg. He paws at his crotch with a whine, and Namjoon-hyung curses. His fingers fumble for the ties at his pants and he is able to get his dick out. Jungkook shimmies closer, under the table between his legs. He opens his mouth, sucks Namjoon-hyung’s dick all the way down his throat and stops, fingers curled around Namjoon-hyung’s knees. He adjusts as it hardens, gagging a little at the head

pressing into his throat.

“Sweetpea, you need to eat.”

Jungkook whines in protest, and Namjoon-hyung curses. Precome pumps into Jungkook’s mouth and he swallows it.

He holds still, Namjoon-hyung’s dick all the way down his throat, for a moment. He swallows around it, gags, pulls up to take a deep breath through his nose and then goes back down, until his nose is pressed to the rough fabric of his pants. He holds that for as long as he can, throat constricting around the length. His head goes light from the lack of breath, and then he starts moving, bobbing his head properly, taking him all the way down then all the way up, over and over again. Namjoon’s fingers tug on his hair and he protests but doesn’t stop him, and Jungkook sucks faster, moaning at how good it feels to be full, to have a dick fill up his mouth.

“Kook-ie, st-stop. Stop, sweetheart.”

Jungkook protests and uses his teeth when Namjoon-hyung tries to pull him away.

“Gonne come, you’re going to make me come.”

Jungkook hums and goes faster and Namjoon-hyung gasps. His dick thickens in Jungkook’s mouth and he takes him all the way down again, holding there until come spurts down his throat and he gags, but doesn’t move, feeling it slide into throat, before he pulls up, takes a deep breath and sucks the rest of his release into his mouth. Namjoon-hyung growls in disbelief.

Jungkook waits until he’s done and then pulls up, smiles up at him. There’s come on lips, but he doesn’t care. He kisses the head of Namjoon-hyung’s dick and then moves away, stays under the table and goes to Seokjin-hyung.

“You, too, hyung,” Jungkook says, voice raspy and broken.

Seokjin-hyung’s eyes are wide. He is probably going to protest, but Jungkook puts his hands on his thighs and says, “Please. Please hyung, let Kook-ie suck on your dick too. I want to.”

“Fuck, okay. Yes. You can. Fuck.” He fumbles with his pants. As soon as his dick is out, Jungkook sucks it into his mouth. He isn’t nearly as big as Namjoon-hyung, it doesn’t fit down his throat the same way, but he still likes the way it curves up at the top and slides over the roof of his mouth. He doesn’t last nearly as long as Namjoon-hyung did and he doesn’t bother to try to pull Jungkook away, comes in his mouth. Comes a lot. Much more than Namjoon and it fills his mouth and slips past his lips.

“Don’t swallow, “ Seokjin-hyung says with a gasp. “Not yet.”

It’s hard not to because there’s so much of it, but Jungkook obeys and tries not to gag on it. He waits until Seokjin-hyung is done coming and then pulls off carefully. He settles back on his knees, hands on his own thighs, head tilted back a little to keep the come in his mouth.

“You’re hard,” Seokjin-hyung says in surprise.

Jungkook nods.

“God.” Seokjin-hyung presses a hand to Jungkook’s throat, under his chin, forcing his head back a little bit more. “Open your mouth.”

Jungkook does and Seokjin-hyung dips two fingers into his mouth to play with the load of come in his mouth.

“Remember your first day here, when you spilled porridge all down your chin?”

Jungkook does and he smiles. He closes his mouth and lets the come dribble from his lips.

“Oh, baby,” Seokjin-hyung whispers and spread the come all over his mouth and chin.

Jungkook doesn't swallow any of it, lets it all dribble from his lips in a mess, a mess that Seokjin-hyung cleans up with his fingers and his mouth and kisses Jungkook while they both swallow his come.

“Do you want hyung to make you come?” Seokjin-hyung whispers.

Jungkook bites his dirty lip and then nods. “I ... I'm scared.”

“I know, sweetpea. But if you don't want to, you say no. If you don't like it, you tell me to stop.”

Jungkook nods. “O-okay. O ... Okay.”

It's been a really, really long time since he has had an orgasm.

Seokjin-hyung helps him stand up and then sits him on the table, pushing at his shoulders until he's laying flat with his knees bent over the edge.

“Suck on Namjoon's fingers,” Seokjin-hyung says.

Jungkook tilts his head to the side and opens his mouth. Namjoon-hyung puts three of his long fingers into his throat and Jungkook sucks, eyes shutting. His pinky and thumb tighten around his jaw. The palm of his hand covers his nose a little and Jungkook relaxes. He loves this so much.

Seokjin-hyung runs his hands up Jungkook's strong thighs, over his hips and under the sweater. He doesn't touch his dick, not yet, touches his skin. Jungkook loves this, too. Seokjin-hyung does this all the time, touches his body while he sucks on Namjoon's fingers, but it's different now, it's so different because Jungkook isn't ever hard. He isn't ever so strung tight that he actually wants to come.

“I'm going to suck on you, okay?”

Jungkook nods with a whine.

The first touch of Seokjin-hyung's mouth has him jerking in surprise, but he doesn't try to move away. It feels ... it feels good. Wet, slick, and then tight when he sucks. It feels really, really good. Jungkook can't remember the last time this felt good. But he doesn't think about it. He doesn't want to think about it hurting, not wanting it.

He wants it so badly.

So he thinks about Namjoon-hyung's fingers in his mouth, his other fingers trailing down his throat, pushing softly against his windpipe. He grips the edge of the sweater and whines, shifting on the table top as Seokjin-hyung sucks him closer to his release. The tabletop is harsh against the bruises and sensitive skin of his ass, but Jungkook even loves that. Loves the sting and the tightness and how everything feels like it's swimming around him.

It doesn't take long at all, doesn't take any time before the pressure is too much and he's jerking

up, mouth open in a harsh cry as he comes in Seokjin-hyung's mouth.

Seokjin-hyung sucks and sucks until it's almost too sensitive and then lets Jungkook go, leans over the table and opens his mouth above him. Come falls into Jungkook's mouth, all over Namjoon's fingers and down his chin. He whines in happiness and swallows while they kiss around Namjoon's fingers.

"Feel good?" Namjoon-hyung whispers.

Jungkook nods.

"You are such a good boy," Namjoon-hyung says. "So, so good."

Jungkook flushes pink and squirms.

Seokjin-hyung stops kissing him and Namjoon-hyung pulls him, and it takes a minute for his limbs to cooperate, but he curls up in Namjoon-hyung's lap, a strong firm hand on the bruised curve of his ass.

Jungkook sucks at his neck.

"Feel okay? Did you like that?"

Jungkook nods.

"We liked it too."

Jungkook snorts, because of course they did.

"Brat," Seokjin-hyung says and kisses his cheek. "Dinner is probably cold."

"It's just stew. We can reheat it."

Seokjin-hyung huffs and mumbles, "What do you mean 'we'?" before he gets up to put the soup back on the fire.

Namjoon-hyung chuckles and presses a kiss to Jungkook's forehead. "Happy, sweetheart?"

"Happy," Jungkook whispers. "Kook-ie is really happy."

"Good. We only ever want you to be happy."

Jungkook sits in Namjoon-hyung's lap until the stew is reheated and then he slithers to the floor. He kneels at Namjoon's feet and leans his head on his thigh. His dick is still out and Jungkook smiles and licks at the tip with a happy moan. Namjoon-hyung lets him hold his dick in his mouth, not sucking just keeping it warm, until it is his turn to eat. He tugs on Jungkook's hair to lift his mouth off his dick.

Jungkook pouts, but opens his mouth for the spoonful of soup. Seokjin-hyung moves his chair closer, and he follows the soup with a thick chunk of buttered bread. Jungkook smiles and licks the extra butter from his fingers. Namjoon-hyung holds out a chunk of meat, and Jungkook opens his mouth wide for it. He waits until Namjoon-hyung places it on his tongue, tells him to chew and then swallow. Seokjin-hyung calls him a good boy and gives him some vegetables. He licks at the sauce on their fingers between bites and preens when they run their hands through his hair or slip fingers down his neck.

When he has had enough, he lays his head against Seokjin's thigh, hands curled around his leg. He feels sleepy even though he slept all day. He feels ... he feels good. He feels so good, and the feeling grows when Seokjin trails his hands through Jungkook's hair, pets him and scratches at his scalp. He is easily shifted to Namjoon-hyung, who takes him by the hair and leads him into the other room. He stays by Namjoon-hyung's chair while he adds more wood to the fire and then curls up between his legs after he sits.

"Want more," Jungkook says and pouts up at him.

"I'm not sure if I can handle your mouth on my dick again, sweetheart."

Jungkook's pout deepens and he huffs. "Please. I just ... I just want it in my mouth."

"Is this going to be your new thing, instead of our fingers, you want our dicks?"

"Yes."

Namjoon sighs.

"Don't act like that's a problem!" Seokjin-hyung shouts from the kitchen. "let him put your dick in his mouth."

Jungkook smiles at him, eyes scrunching, nose wiggling. "Yes, please, hyung. Let me put your dick in my mouth."

"Fine." He sighs again and loosens his pants once again to pull out his dick.

It isn't hard, but Jungkook doesn't care. He crowds in closer, leans his head against Namjoon-hyung's thigh and sucks the head into his mouth. He shifts only a little for a better angle to get more of it into his mouth. He licks at what's in his mouth for a moment, and then stills, breathes through his nose, and relaxes. It's almost the same as fingers because it's there in his mouth. Sometimes they'll play with his teeth or tongue or try to get him to gag, but Namjoon-hyung's dick stays put. For a little while. A few soft suckles has it growing again, and Jungkook smiles, satisfied and happy, as it stretches farther into his throat.

Namjoon-hyung sighs, shifts his hips, and makes it easier for Jungkook to hold still and hold him in his throat. He glances up at Namjoon-hyung, who meets his eyes and smiles.

"I know I keep asking this, but I want to be sure. Are you happy, sweetheart?"

Jungkook nods, not wanting to risk his mouth being empty.

"Completely, though? Is there anything you want, anything you feel like you're lacking or anything you need?"

Jungkook shakes his head and then pops off his dick with a surprised little "Oh."

"What? What do you need, sweetheart?"

Jungkook looks up at him, biting his lip, and then looks over at Seokjin-hyung in the kitchen. "Do you think I can get both of your dicks in my mouth?"

Namjoon-hyung's mouth drops open.

Seokjin-hyung cackles from the kitchen.

Jungkook pouts and crosses his arms. “Well, can I?”

“Give me a few minutes and then yes, we’ll see if you can,” Seokjin-hyung says.

Jungkook smiles and nods in satisfaction. He opens his mouth around Namjoon-hyung’s dick. It is much harder than before, probably just the thought of it, and Jungkook doesn’t mind. His hyung are ravenous lovers, as he well knows. Namjoon-hyung has probably thought about Jungkook sucking on both of them, their dicks fighting for space in his mouth. He’s pretty sure he’s heard Seokjin-hyung mention it when he didn’t think Jungkook was listening.

“That isn’t really what I meant,” Namjoon-hyung finally says as he traces Jungkook’s stretched lips with his finger, “but short term goals. Okay. We’ll let you try.”

Seokjin-hyung doesn’t take too much longer in the kitchen, and it doesn’t take long for Jungkook to find out the answer.

Yes, he can get both of their dicks into his mouth at once.

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